

AMERICAN. BROOKVILLE, IND. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1893.

Correction.
In our last week's paper we published \$1.30 cents as the price of a single subscription, out of the county. It should have been 137. See terms in another column.

General Address.
We intend to publish this inimitable document, next week entire, though it is long. We were guilty of the folly of taking our new address in hand in tending to put the richest of it. Well, we have the richest of it. It is the whole address. Read, and preserve it, farmers. We would advise all who want it, to subscribe for the American, at once; for the address is worth more, of itself, than the price of the paper for one year. We hope our country subscribers will do their neighbors, who borrow the American, the kindness, to advise them to subscribe for themselves, for they must not lend our next issue.

Court of Common Pleas.
After a tedious session the Court of Common Pleas of this county adjourned on Thursday evening last week, having cleared off all business ready for a hearing. The cases on the Criminal and civil docket amounted to about 400, independent of the Probate which numbered from 200 to 300 more.

In criminal business there were two cases transferred from the Circuit Court, viz: the State vs. Joseph Morford for an assault and battery with intent to commit murder. Verdict of the Jury imprisonment in the County Jail for 26 days and a fine of 20 dollars. And the State vs. Dennis O'Day for Larceny.—Verdict—imprisonment in the County Jail for 60 days—a fine of \$16, and discharge for five years.

There were a great many cases tried for minor offences, such as Gaming, selling Lottery Tickets, Retailing &c. The civil business was heavy and generally disposed of. Judge Reid is winning golden opinions with the people for his prompt manner of disposing of the business of this Court, although he occasionally dispenses some of the lawyers. Poor sinners, we fear they will be worse disposed with the decisions of higher court, if they don't mend some of their manners soon.

During the term, the court sat once as a court of conciliation—we believe the first time under the law—and settled, in a few minutes, a dispute between two neighbors, that might, by ingenious management of "council," have been protracted several years, and resulted, to the litigants, as the case of the cats in the table. We advise those who wish to enjoy the luxury of law, without its cost, to try this Court.

Robert Hudson, Esq.
Our old friend—we mean our quondam friend, for "Bob," as we used to call him in our school boy days, is not old—true, like himself he is getting old; but our friend, our former friend, and our present friend, drops into our sanctum last week. We were glad to see him. He is such a man as we love to love. We loved him when a boy, although his native go-ahead-iveness often prompted him to get above us in the class. And he keeps ahead of us, for he has been to the legislature, and was once sent to the penitentiary by Gov. Wright, and is now one of the first lawyers in Vigo county. In whatever he engages, he excels. It was to this trait of character, that he owed his appointment above alluded to. When the penitentiary had been burnt, he was selected, as the most suitable man, then in the legislature, to inquire into the cause and extent of the fire, and faithfully did he discharge the trust assigned him.

We admire him as a man, and as a politician, albeit we don't agree with him in some of his notions. But he is progressive and we hope he will be about right after a while. We loved the way he did battle for some of the reforms that have been introduced into our new code. But enough of this.—To the old acquaintances of Mr. Hudson it may be interesting to say, that he is in good health as may be easily inferred from his adremanic proportions. And Alderman, he is, sure enough. The Prairie City men have placed him in that grave and dignified position. Good luck to him and to all he does.

An Apology.
Being determined to improve the American, in every respect—in its mechanical execution as well as in its editorial selections—and in saying this we do not mean to dissent from the universal opinion that the American has been, all along, the very best paper in Indiana, but we merely mean to say that we intend to improve it, if we can—and if the opinion of some, is to be credited, it begins to improve already, but we are too modest to publish all that is said in our favor. But being determined to improve, we began, last week, by putting in a new press—and it is a rate one, as any practiced eye will discover, by comparing the impressions of this week and last week, with impressions under the "old dispensation," and by the way, perhaps the improved appearance of our paper, is one cause of its increased popularity. In that case, our Foreman Mr. Barnes, is entitled to a part of the credit. But the putting up of that press delayed the publication of the paper last week, and hence some of the subscribers did not receive it as early as usual. This is our apology.—We know that it is satisfactory.

Daniel St. John Esq.
This old and much beloved citizen has left us, after a residence of more than thirty-five years, in this county.—Of that time he has been twenty-two years in public office, and no man ever fulfilled public trusts more faithfully, or more to the satisfaction of the people. He leaves the favor of a good name behind him. He is in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His future residence is to be in Marion County near Broad Ripple. May peace and joy attend him.

Probable Mistakes.
In the transcribing of our Mail Books, some names may have been omitted, and since our predecessor wrote in better Chocaw than any body we know of except one of our lawyers, we may not have come near enough the plain English, of some of the names, to enable the right persons to get the right papers. In case of a mistake from either cause we will gladly make the correction when informed. Be patient friends, we will get the hang of things soon. Our town subscribers, particularly the new subscribers, may also have cause of complaint, as we have new carriers. Please inform us at our office of any neglect.

New Albany & Sandusky Rail Road.
Captain Montgomery, and his exploring corps, were here last week. They have surveyed the route from Brookville to the state line, and find it very practicable and much more direct than they at first supposed. They went up Templeton Creek, and came to the upland near Mr. Frank's in just eleven miles from Mr. Henry's place. The whole distance to Eaton is thirty-three miles. They have also run a line up Blue Creek crossing the Dearborn county line near Mr. Sleeth's, about a mile west of Lawrenceville. The whole distance from New Albany to the state line is 110 miles.

The prospect of reconciling the different interests on the river is now flattering, and we give it as our opinion that the railroad will be taken to New Albany and that the Madison interests will unite with the New Albany road, at some convenient point, and build a joint road from the junction to the state line. The whole distance to the state line on what ought to be done, when the proper time arrives.

Metamora.
This town, although it has made no great blow at its business or growth, and has made no grand sale of lots, yet it is gradually coming into an importance that is commanding respect. We believe it has done a heavier produce business, for the last three years, than any town in the county or probably on the White Water canal.

We see that we are now pushing to completion the turnpike. It will probably be finished this fall and winter from the ridge 2 miles west of this town, through Metamora, Andersonville, to New Salem to Kaskaskia. The two miles next to Brookville, being very heavy, and the worst of the road not finished soon. The consequence will be, that when the roads are bad those living more than two miles above Brookville will go to Metamora for trade more than half of the year. This, of course, will draw the trade from the heart of the Co. by the road, as in times of mud the people can go to no other town. So as it is, and as Metamora has made it, it stands a chance for more than its share of business this winter. All right, they have the men there to do the business, and they should enjoy it.

J. C. BURTON.—Altho' John has but one hand, he can handle goods as pleasantly as any body; and then he has a big heart and it is in the right place, as our Metamora friends will find if they give him a call. We were sorry to part with him, and his estimable lady.

Metamora Price Current.
If the publication of the price current of Metamora is of sufficient interest to any body to justify furnishing it, we will continue to publish it. Walker & Bro. refuse to furnish it any longer.

Laurel.
Messrs. E. W. T. S. N. Pattison are making arrangements for pork packing this season. They use the old brick pork house. Messrs. Murray & Harvey are also making arrangements for the same purpose. The latter is quite active now. The Franklin Mills, owing to the lack of water in the canal, have been doing but little, and that fact caused deadness in the business for a season. But others came to the market, and now heavy amounts are brought there. The goods business is also active.

The goods business is also active. Clements, White, Henry, and Morrow are all busy, and are not only selling large quantities, but cheap. The Shop and Culm store has changed hands so frequently that we are unable to speak about it. We do not know who owns it or controls it. The High School building looks well from the streets, and we understand it is about finished. It will be an ornament to the town. Since Chase and Hibben left we do not know who will be the school-keeper. We hope he will accept. Gifford's new building looks prominent, and will add to Laurel.

Dr. Buckley's Lectures.
It is with pleasure that, in these days of humbuggery, we have the privilege of speaking of one traveling lecturer that deserves public favor. Dr. Buckley has been lecturing here, this week, on the science of Anatomy and Physiology, and he has given universal satisfaction. He has with him, Anatomical plates—model manikin, and an entire skeleton, well articulated, and whatever is necessary to illustrate his subject. He is at home, too, in lecturing, and he would be a good lecturer, if he would slave his upper lip. He can endure whiskers, but when it comes to mustaches he rebel. But we must be careful, or we will express an opinion on the subject of board and be called to an account. We have heard many lectures on this subject, and none with more pleasure than Dr. Buckley.

If we dared to say so, we should intimate, modestly of course, and with our hat off, that at least one half of the physicians practicing in our country could attend these lectures with profit. But we will say that every father, and particularly every mother could attend to advantage. Every young man and every young woman ought to attend.—We have heard nothing that should crisscross the cheek of the most modest. We wish there were a thousand such lecturers as Dr. Buckley constantly traveling in Indiana. We wish they could visit every school district and lecture to every school house. We have often tried to teach Anatomy and Physiology from books, but one course of lectures from Dr. Buckley will do more good than six months' reading without his illustrations. We are glad that he intends to visit Fairfield, Metamora, Laurel, West Union and Connersville, and other places in this valley. Give him full honors, and if any persons but tobacco chomers and whisky drinkers are dissatisfied let them charge the cost of their tickets to us and we will give them credit on their subscription to the American to that amount.

We love to recommend such men and such subjects to our readers. **C. T. T.** will be seen by our advertising columns that D. Price & Son are bidding for customers. Give them a call. They are worthy.

About Theatres.
Last Saturday, a gentleman entered our office and said he wished some advertising done. That of course we were glad to hear, and asked the nature of the advertisement. He presented a paper, and showed a copy of Yankee Robinson's "Atheneum," a sort of one horse pantomime theatre, which has been going through the country performing plays and lottery drawings. It is under the control of, (as the published advertisement properly terms him), "the notorious Yankee Robinson," and designs honoring our County with a series of performances. We at once declined inserting the advertisement at any price.—We considered the whole tendency of such establishments as pernicious and only evil, and no price could atone for the criminality of giving them "aid or comfort." This is our doctrine. The Editor or publisher of a paper is not exempt from the ordinary laws of morality. He cannot dissuade the Editor from the man, and hence cannot without him, favorably notice anything he believes to be wrong. Others must decide this question for themselves.—This is our opinion, and by it we will abide. We will thereby lose some profitable jobs, but we will retain a calm conscience.

Now having demonstrated, that we are honest in our opposition, and virtually paying at advertising rates for expressing these views, will our readers hear patiently our opinion of the morality of such establishments?

We are aware that the stage is claimed as a teacher of good morals. We need not argue what it may be in time to come; it never has been. In the early days of the drama women were interdicted from attendance. And the ground of the interdiction was that their morals were endangered, their purity fearfully periled by attending. The early French drama was, if possible more obscene and libidinous than the Greek. The dramas of Lodelle and Harle demonstrate this. It is true there was some refinement under the reign of Racine, Corneille, Moliere and Crevillan, but still the most libidinous sentiments have ever characterized the French theatre.

In the early days of the English Drama, the bowl and dagger were the most honored instruments. The taste cultivated by the "courageous Turk." "If this first part, goes do like you well The second part shall greater murders tell." Murder, seduction, drunkenness, riot and suicide ruled in those days.

Shakespeare elevated the character of the drama, but he never purged the playhouse of its polluting and corrupting accompaniments. Never! In days when the Greeks prohibited women from attending the theatre; when Rotrou introduced a naked page in one of his scenes, and had him thus holding a conversation with one of his heroines; when Harle introduced libidinous embraces on the stage, then the theatre was immaculate purity compared with the theatre now.

It is acknowledged by all veteran managers that the practice of admitting prostitutes to the third tier, where they, in unblushing effrontery, watch for their victims, is necessary to the existence of the theatre. Not merely profitable, but NECESSARY. If the theatre succeeds, the "third tier" must be there! And the Theatre can not exist unless the traffic in liquor is connected. There must be the place of firing the system with intoxicating draughts, and then the Harlot smiles as sweetly as ever!

Now if so virtuous, so pure, why must facilities for two of the most degrading vices which ever cursed humanity or peopled Hell, be added! When did virtue forsake the church and the school-room and place herself in the custody of Harlots and Whisky sellers! The steadfast testimony of business men in our cities, that whenever a young man becomes an attendant of the Theatre, his ruin is near at hand. He forms vicious habits, contracts debts, becomes dishonest, and soon ventures into open crime. We could instance cases almost innumerable.—It needs not. While the adjuncts of theatres are as they are, ruin follows as a matter of course.

These strutting theatres have all the evils, and none of the redeeming qualities of large establishments. They perform low, slang pieces. They cater to a vulgar taste. They add, generally, Lotteries, dancing, negro songs of doubtful morality, and "model artists" exhibit the symmetry of the human form.

Does anybody suppose that a performer of any merit will be connected with one of these affairs! The idea is preposterous. The performer need not go over the land exhibiting his talents at "three times!" The traveling actor publishes himself as an actor who would get a place in a theatre if he could, but failing in that, has gone into a hippodrome or atheneum, and shows off at 30 cents a night! He proclaims himself as bogus coin, and unblushingly asks people to take a known counterfeit, which, in no sense, has the genuine ring.—Churchill has painted such.

"Then came drum, trumpet, fiddle, fife, Saunter, a reaper, shifter, soldier, mate, Pantomime figures then, are brought to view, Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two."

Now if we were determined to go to a theatre, we would go to a real one—not to a small, petty and most contemptible humbug. We dismiss this case by referring those who still continued for the purity of the stage to one or two facts. McReady, it is said, never permits his children to go near a play house. We also ask them to remember the blood-shed—the murder of the Astor place riots—to gratify the hatred of Forrest and McReady—to the sweet state of affairs brought to light in the divorce case of Forrest and wife, the evidence in which, comes very nearly showing that both parties were entitled to a divorce for Scriptural reasons. And Mr. and Mrs. Forrest are theatrical Stars, and stand "among the foremost first" of the stage.

preachers of Morals! Christian Fathers, would you place your children under their teaching! We think not, and yet they represent the best class of stage performers!

But there are special reasons why editors, and all honest men, should not only refuse to countenance this vagabond theatre, but positively set themselves against it. If we are correctly informed it is the same theatre that peddles lottery tickets, and, in order to defraud the City of Indianapolis out of the revenue derived from license, and in order to induce persons to attend who had too much self respect to attend as low a thing as a traveling theatre must be, published for a musical concert, and then, under pretext of practicing for their own improvement, went through with their theatrical performances. Yankee Robinson may be able to buy up some editors, to laud his performances, but we are not for sale. We may have occasion to speak again on this subject. For the present we leave it, hoping that every honest man in Franklin County will discountenance it.

Of one thing we are quite certain, no lady, who respects her standing in society, will visit it, for the third tier is misnomerously with the virtuous, if such should unfortunately attend. The third tier men and women will be there, and we hope none others.

In the published proceedings of the White Water Presbytery, in our paper of the 14th inst, it is stated that the pastoral relation between Rev. L. D. Potter and the churches of Brookville and Metamora was dissolved.—This was a mistake. That relation was dissolved only as far as Brookville was concerned. Mr. Potter is yet the pastor of the church at Metamora.

Reveries.
The following we have met several times and copy it. "One boy, with a foundry machine, will make more paper in twelve months, than all Egypt could in twelve months during the reign of the Ptolemies. One girl, with a power press, will strike books faster than a million of scribes could copy them.—One man, in an iron foundry, will turn out more utensils than Tubal-Cain could have forged, had he worked diligently to this time." Mr. Horace Mann, who got off the above, might have added that one distiller could now murder more men than 500 gladiators, and never have a drop of blood on his delicate hands!

The Editor of the Ladies Repository says he received, along with some verses, this delicate note: "Mister Editor, doctor Clark, if you think these verses fit for your beautiful repository please print them." That's nearly equal to a letter recently received by the learned President of Asbury University which opened thus rich—"Mr. C. J. Berry—President of Greenacres—Sur, I send my Sun to College." If that Sun don't rise, it surely won't be for want of pushing on the part of the parent luminary.

The last definition of "Pathology" is "the art of road-making." In Bp. McVain's report to the American Bible Society, in the last "Record" is one sentence containing 250 words, and another of 170 words. We fear the days of turgid, long, slow, winding sentences are coming back. And yet we hope they can't succeed in so "fast" an age as this.

There is to be a woman's rights convention held in Richmond shortly. Who goes from Brookville to represent the "strong-minded"? A few weeks ago there was a woman staggering up the street drunk as Bacchus. Of course she will be one.

Young ladies, send to the city and buy Miss Swisshelm's "letters to country girls" and read them. And some things in them do, and you will be all the better by it.

An exchange says that fashion forbids women going to the grave at funerals in the City of New York. Even the mother must follow the babe, torn from her bosom by death, no further than the threshold, or be unfashionable. Now the mother who will submit to let her child be covered up in the cold grave in her absence, because fashion says so, would make a charming hyena with slight alteration.

The United States Army numbers about 10,000 men and costs the Government nearly 900,000 annually. And yet the Government can't build the great rail-way to the Pacific for want of means! To show for the money expended on the army, we have some money guns and bayonets; some rickety forts, and an indefinite amount of buckram and feathers. That's about all!

What does make Alice Cary kill her heroes and heroines! She ought surely to let one live just for the luxury of doing good.

Chloroform has been considered as one of the most anti-blow-spirited substances, and most people consider it as sleep-bringing as a sermon with stanzas and forty subdivisions, delivered on a hot August day. But somebody has got up a project for running a locomotive by its power and says it will "distance all nature." Well, if we live long enough we'll see.

The literary world is much divided in regard to the poetry of Alexander Smith. The contest waxed warm. Some laud him to the skies, and place him along side of Chaucer, Milton and Pope. Others rank him among the postmasters. If the publishers send us a copy of the books the controversy may be soon settled.

Some of the newspapers are guilty of bodaciously hooking our "briefs," and incontinently forgetting to give us any credit. Remember gentlemen, a prominent and original remark of the eminent John Smith, "stealing is bad for the morals." We hope you will take a timely warning, lest—

Bishop Hugh's organ, the Freeman's Journal, is issued twice a week. One of the issues comes out on Sunday morning, and thus honors the Sabbath and keeps it holy.

The "Home Mission Record" says the

Whitewater Valley association, organized one year ago on Missionary ground—that is favoring Missions, Bible Societies, etc., has had, within the year, an increase of three churches and 70 members. Making 8 churches and 278 members. The venerable Wilson Thompson still preaches sometimes and clings to his faith in the efficiency of intemperance.

When Shakespeare died he made an interlineation in his will, and left his wife a legacy of his second best bed and his furniture, and that was all! The mention made of her in his copious will!

When Michael Angelo was meditating on some great design, he shut himself from the world. When asked the reason, he answered "I am a jealous God, it requires the whole and entire man."

The New York Tribune is out most decidedly against Rev. J. S. G. Abbott's history of Napoleon. This is as it should be. Mr. Abbott is a blind admirer of Napoleon. To praise him he endorses tyranny and justifies oppression—apologizes for the malignant, cold-blooded murder of Duke de Enghien and attempts a justification of the divorce of Josephine, and the adulterous and ill starred union with Marie. The "man of destiny" was an utterly unscrupulous man—whatever was in his way to power and positions must be removed. Hence it seems a minister of the Gospel to write a labored eulogy of such a man.

In the Madison Circuit Court the other day, a discussion arose as to whether a witness should be sworn on the Crucifix or on an ordinary Bible—one of the lawyers insisted that the witness be sworn on that which he considered the most importance and solemnity. John H. Taylor, Esq., ejected from his mouth a quid, some smaller than a turkey's egg, and said if that was the law he should insist on swearing the man on the "Baltimore Platform."

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that no tavern keeper has a right to sell liquor on Sunday. If the law can prohibit the sale one day out of seven why not the other six?

A certain paper in Indiana has read Greely out of the Whig party.

How does it happen that among the many distinguished names of gentlemen of both political parties of Madison, who act as delegates to the State Temperance Convention, we see none of the Bright family?

Is it true that the man who "don't believe Rail-roads will pay" was seen the other day standing on the bank of Whitewater waiting for it to run dry so he could get safely over!

They are now expending sixty thousand dollars in repairs on the White House. We sincerely hope they can make that small trifles do until next summer sometime.

—We understand there is to be a new drug store in town soon. —The Synod of Southern Indiana (Old school) was in session last week in Franklin. We will publish the proceedings when furnished.

—Gen. Stapp was in town last week, but he did not honor us with a call we will not tell what he came for. He must do better next time.

That Premium Flour
Was good, we are sure, for J. H. Parquhar, Esq., sent it to us—and the best baker in town, (notwithstanding he didn't get a premium on bread at the fair), made us some as good bread as editors ought to eat. If you want good flour, go to Linek & Parquhar for it, and ask for "EXTRA GENESSEE," and if your baker can't make good bread out of it, send it to our baker.

Explanatory.
We deem it due to Walker & Bros. of Metamora to say that their note, requesting the discontinuance of their advertisements, came after the form for the outside was made up. We will comply with the instructions next week and also stop all the Americans sent to the firm, as instructed. We will not charge them anything for advertising, or for the paper, since we took possession, as they were involuntary subscribers and advertisers. Should the American, with all its faults ever be likely to be worth its cost to any or all of them, we will, with pleasure, return their names to our books, and we will advertise any thing for them, but whisky, whenever they want us to.

And now, perhaps it is due to ourselves to say that we can better spare five hundred subscribers than to compromise our hostility to the liquor traffic. We do not intend that the American shall be a temperance organ, or any thing like it, but we do intend to insert an article on temperance occasionally, and ask no man's pardon for doing so. Our predecessor did so, and we shall do so—and we would do it even if he had not done it, and we say again without the paper becomes not worth its cost, after deducting all its faults, we expect subscribers to quit. We would if we were a subscriber.

Temperance in Ohio.
The Cincinnati Enquirer, and kindred prints, are rejoicing abundantly over the defeat of the Maine Law in Ohio, and inferring therefrom the defeat of Temperance in Ohio. They are entirely too fast. We have good authority for saying that a very large majority of the members elect, are pledged to favor some effective law for suppressing the liquor traffic—a law that shall be, in the language of one of them, "wise and salutary." We do not regret, personally, the defeat of the Maine Law men. We have always contended that the Maine Law, in its details, is not adapted to the west. But a "wise and salutary" Law must be passed in Ohio and in Indiana, and it will be, in spite of the Enquirer, and all other opposers!

After shivering as we did last Sunday in Church, do you blame us for being glad that two fine large new stores have been set up in the Methodist Church. They came from Fudges. He has plenty more, see advertisement.

The Neutral Pennant is the title of a new paper published in Rising Sun by H. C. Craft. We like its appearance very much.

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Characteristic Sketches. REV. E. G. WOOD.

No one can remain long where the Conference is in session without observing this gentleman. In this White Water Valley a sketch is not needed to introduce him to the people, but our portrait gallery can not be complete without him.

He is about medium height, and inclines somewhat to corpulency. His countenance is ruddy and bears the impress of health. His hair, originally of raven hue, is much tinged with gray, and there is an inclination to baldness, spreading over most of the top of his head. His appearance is all in his favor. He is neat in his dress but never foppish. His habitual costume is a suit of black—(except an overcoat which is known in this country as our cousin to Horace Greeley's "old white").

Mr. Wood has a noble voice. It begins to shatter somewhat, but is still better than that of most young men.—Deep and sonorous and yet smooth and musical, he can preach, pray or sing with perfect ease, or do all in succession. His manner is agreeable, and his gestures rather graceful, save that habitual shrug of his shoulders which marks and mars the first half hour of his sermon.

Mr. Wood is an "able preacher." We confess however that we are not of those who consider his chief excellence to lie in his argumentative powers. He excels in the descriptive. In this we know we differ from the gentleman himself, who evidently considers the former his forte, and rarely permits himself to indulge in the latter. But we have known him for years. When he has given rein to his descriptive powers we have seldom known any man who possessed such power over an audience.—But when he has chained those powers and essayed another field, we have known him to signally fail.

He is unequal in his efforts. Some of his sermons, when preached under circumstances arousing his soul, and inspiring his powers, have equalled any we have ever listened to, while at other times we have heard him when he prosed and dragged heavily.

Mr. Wood is a very fearless man.—He speaks out his sentiments on all subjects with a "certain sound." As an advocate of Temperance, he has known no compromise and has made his mark. What to others have been difficult problems he has fearlessly attempted to solve; such as the morality of furnishing grain for the distiller. This, in a sermon preached not many miles from here, he demonstrated to be a sin of the same class with "putting out money to usury."

In the Conference Room he wields great influence. He is a ready debater and always stands on one side or the other of a question. But yet he is not so personally popular in the Conference as some of his brethren. He is sometimes unkindly of the minor courtesies of debate, and uses expressions which smack strongly of rudeness. His independence, every one admires, and his integrity no one doubts, but the kindness of striking down a young man with his everlasting meat-axe, or (apparently at least) disregarding the claims of age, may be doubted—more than that, it is doubted. The real difficulty in his case we apprehend to be a lack of appreciating how tender are some feelings, and an oblivion to the fact that he was once young, and before many years will be old.

This exception aside. He is a man of rare worth. His integrity is like the pure gold well refined. Faithfully has he served the church, and his impress is made on two generations. His great vocation is to PREACH. He seldom writes.

Indeed, some months ago when very anxious to secure a sermon from him for the press, we were compelled, as the only chance, to go into church, put our venerable hat between our knees, and steal his sermon as it came warm from his lips. We succeeded, as we think well, and so our readers will think when they see the discourse in print. It was however a little amusing that he thought we were sound asleep, and put on (so our pastor said) extra steam to wake us up.

But as a pulpit Orator he deservedly stands high. We have heard him at camp meetings when he reminded us of Isaiah when the Seraph had newly "touched his lips with a coal from off the altar." We trust his life may be spared to the church for many years, and that they may be years of usefulness and years of happiness. He now has the prospect and may have the warm affection of his brethren if he does not mist himself cast rudely from him.

None but himself can prevent his friends from loving him.

Dr. Dutton, has returned from his eastern trip and has fitted up his shadow catching apparatus in Mr. Hall's new building. Every body knows that the Dr. is a good looking, and has good looking pictures in his RECEPTION ROOM, and that he charges nothing unless he does good work.

Cool.
The Hillsborough Highland News, in accounting for the large Democratic majority in Ohio, says: "Thousands of Whigs stayed at home, or forgot that there was an election."

Cincinnati Markets.
We shall give every week, the latest news concerning the Cincinnati markets. This, as it is made up from the latest dailies, will give our country readers the markets nearly a week later than they can get them from the city "Dollar Weeklies" which are made up of the issues of the past week, and though dated in advance, are often a week old when they get the papers. We make up from the Tuesday's papers.

Flour \$5; wheat \$5; Buckwheat flour \$4.50 per 100 lbs; cheese 9c; butter, choice roll, 17c; lard, 14c; Salt, Kansas 43c; Sugar 6c; coffee 11c; old corn, from 50 to 54; new corn not fixed; Hogs, unsettled. Sellers are unwilling to engage at \$5, buyers unwilling to offer more. The river is very low, and getting lower, consequently freights are too high to justify shipments. The city is nearly out of coal.

For the Indiana American. My Old Friends.

In the editorial of the last American I represented as not feeling much indebted by the friendship of such men as Rev. M. Hornaday, Geo. M. Hyam, Thos. Shepperd, Sam'l. Shepperd, Daniel Walker and R. L. Lenson &c. Permit me, Mr. Editor, to say myself right before those who have so long extended to me their confidence and support. In your office it was remarked that the above named men had discontinued the American because it was more thoroughly devoted to the temperance cause than it formerly was. I remitted, if it was the cause of their withdrawal, I did not feel much complimented by it, for I had always considered myself as good a temperance man as any one. I yield to no one in devotion to the temperance cause. But I never repudiated the friendship of these men. Some of them stood by me when I needed friends, and when some of my sunshine friends were rejecting with my enemies. And all things may be charged with, I hope ingratitude will be the last. These men may like liquor better than I do. But are they the only men that have faults! Others may like tobacco. Shall I shut my door against them! Some men are so deeply interested with abolitionism as to be enemies to the Union and our glorious institutions, and still think they are honest. Is that good reason for repudiating their friendship? I think not. But I have found some of the above named more honorable in their dealings than some I know who prate more about temperance.

Let me stand right then. I like the friendship of the above named men, as well as I do of others, but I may insist that Mr. Goodwin is any better friend to temperance than myself, I thank them for your compliment. This is what I said.

C. F. CLARKSON.
Oct. 21st, 1893.

We are glad to give Mr. Clarkson the opportunity of explaining himself as above, in reference to our remark of last week. We are glad, for his sake, and for the sake of the persons alluded to, and for our own sake. It also explains the ground of objection to us which some of our readers did not understand. It will be seen that he does not deny what we said.

Thanksgiving.
Below will be found the proclamation of Governor Wright, appointing the last Thursday in November as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer.

PROCLAMATION—BY JOSEPH A. WRIGHT, GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.

A sense of gratitude to Almighty God for his manifold mercies and goodness, during the past year, demands a public expression of Thanksgiving and prayer from us as a people who have experienced the full measure of his blessings.

We have been favored with the rich blessings of peace with the kind fruits of the earth, general health has been vouchsafed—peace, prosperity, and happiness, invite us all to acknowledge and recognize the deliverer and preserver of men and nations.

Therefore, in acknowledgment of God's mercies, I designate and set apart, the last Thursday of November next, being the twenty-fourth day of said month, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, throughout the state on said day. It is most earnestly recommended, to the good people of Indiana, to suspend their ordinary avocations; and to assemble in their usual places of worship, and to offer up from every heart, from the domestic altar, and the sanctuary, thanks to Almighty God, for the many striking manifestations of his Providence to us, as a nation, state, and people.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused to be affixed the seal of the state, at Indianapolis, this 18th day of October, A. D. 1893.

By the Governor,
JOSEPH A. WRIGHT.

Legal Standard of Weights.
The following is the standard of weights of the various articles enumerated, as passed at the recent session of the Indiana Legislature, and approved on the 1st of March, 1893.

ARTICLES.	LS. PER BU.
Wheat,	60
Shelled Corn,	56
Corn on the cob,	58
Buckwheat,	50
Beans,	60
Potatoes,	60
Clover Seed,	60
Hemp Seed,	44
Blue Grass Seed,	14
Castor Beans,	46
Dried Peaches,	33
Dried Apples,	25
Onions,	87
Salt,	59
Mineral Coal,	70
Timothy Seed,	45